

SHE "MADE IT GOLD."

HOW THE EMPLOYER'S JOKE ON HIS TYPEWRITER WAS TURNED AGAINST HIMSELF.

Sometimes a joke, conceived with deliberation and thought and executed with the utmost care, rebounds in the most unexpected way. This is the record of such an incident, and incidentally the explanation of how a Wall Street operator lost the services of a stenographer he prized highly. This particular financier has luxurious offices in a big office building downtown. The stenographer in question was a remarkably pretty and interesting girl. She was a member of an excellent family, and, when misfortune came, bravely set to work to earn her own living. She was not only pretty, but was an expert operator, and, moreover, she was discreet. How much this virtue is prized in a big office is known alone to those who have occasion to employ a stenographer who has the happy faculty of saying the right thing in the right place, or refraining from saying anything when silence indeed is the most desirable thing.

Now it is not to be wondered at that such a model young woman should have admirers in plenty. She treated all alike with a sweet courtesy and maintained a steady air of reserve and restraint. Among her friends, however, was a young broker who was looked upon by all as the leader in the race. He was young, athletic and successful, and just the kind of a man a woman instinctively likes. He was a big-hearted, sincere, manly fellow, and there was no doubt that he was deeply and truly in love with the girl. His feelings were confined to the slight favors and attentions a girl would naturally expect from a friend. He never protested love, and his friends were undecided. Some asserted that he was only dallying and would not marry a stenographer. Others protested that it made no difference what position the girl occupied, he would marry her if he loved her, and they contended that he didn't have the courage to propose. Matters drifted along in this way for months. The young man's infatuation became the talk of the neighborhood, and he was frequently joked about it, and no one was more unremitting in the chaffing than the girl's employer. Finally this employer hit upon a brilliant scheme, and at once set to work to carry it out.

This idea of his manifested itself a few days later when friends of this young man—those who were supposed to take and understand a joke—received a card inviting them to attend a wedding, on such a date, at such a church. It was all formal and regular, and the names mentioned were those of the young man and the stenographer, and the church mentioned was one the young woman attended. Naturally the joke got around to the young man in question. Those who received the cards saw the jest, but he was furious. He took one of the cards in his hand and went to the girl, and, without a word, handed it to her. She glanced at it curiously and then colored up.

"Do you know who is at the bottom of this outrage?" he said between his clenched teeth.

She confessed that she did, and said that some one had told her that her employer was the originator and promoter of the joke. He wanted at once to run off and throttle him, but she demurred. She insisted that it would only complicate matters. He said sturdily:

"No, sir! I am going to get even. I will make him answer unless—unless— Here he stammered hopelessly. She said quaintly:

"Unless what?"

"Unless—unless"—he gasped, desperately.

"You consent to make good. Won't you marry me, anyway? We can fool them all—and besides I love—have always loved you—and always will, and"—

It was a clumsy proposal, but accepted with the same sincerity in which it was given. They sat down and talked it over, and the result was another conspiracy that led to much chuckling and gurgling on their own account. The young man suddenly disappeared from view, and his friends heartlessly laughed and said that he did not have the "nerve" to stand the "gaff," and was keeping "under cover." The day before the date set for the wedding by the bogus announcement, the stenographer approached her employer and said sweetly:

"I am afraid I can't come down to-morrow. I have some things to attend to, and you will have to excuse me."

He demurred at first, but finally consented, saying, in a bolsterous burst of mirth:

"Oh, yes, you are to be married to-morrow. Good enough. All right. Best wishes," and then he went off chuckling.

Early next morning in the church mentioned a little group gathered about the altar, and the minister pronounced the words making the young broker and the former stenographer man and wife. The next day the girl's late employer received a neat little card with the formal announcement that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So announced the marriage of their daughter, What's-Her-Name, to Mr. Youknow. When the broker opened the letter and saw the card and digested its contents, he whistled softly and muttered:

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

HOW IT WORKS IN KANSAS.

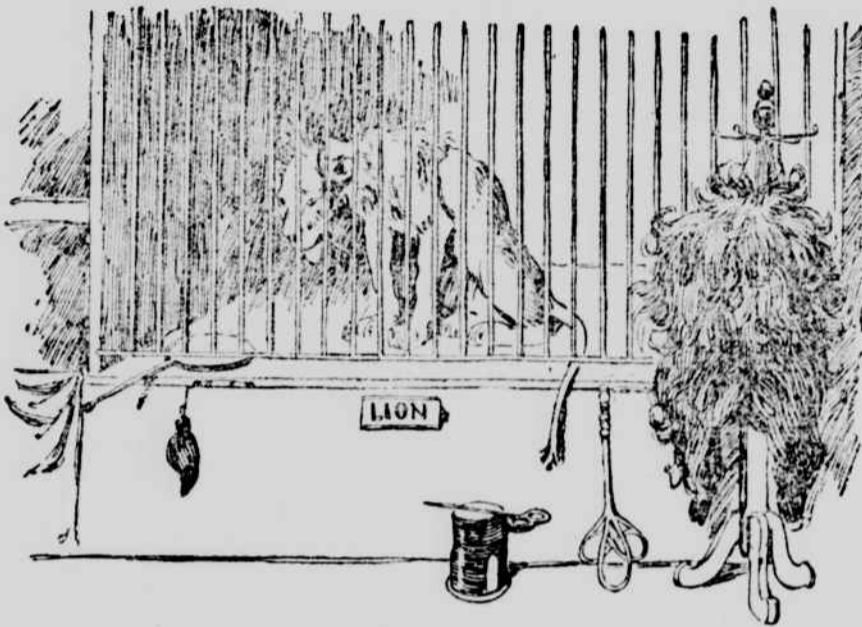
From The Kansas City Journal.

"It may be," said the Landsboro man, "that this Prohibition law doesn't work in most of the towns, but I want to tell you it comes near being binding out in our town. We haven't had a joint nor place where you could get snake medicine for seventeen years. We keep a city marshal purely for orna-

THE PRIDE OF THE MENAGERIE.



DURING THE SHOW AND



BEFORE IT.

—Legende Blatter

ment and to look after stray cows. About two years ago a stranger who had filled his tank on the vintage of a McPherson joint came to our town while he was still under the influence. The Mayor directed the city marshal to arrest the stranger and cast him into the bastille over night. The guardian of the peace collared the man with the jag and took him to the bastille, but as it hadn't been opened for five years the lock was so rusted the marshal couldn't open it. He finally summoned the Mayor and most of the City Council, but the whole municipal government could not get the jail open, and the man with the jag had to be turned loose because there was no place to keep him."

HOW KANSAS WAS ROBBED OF A RECORD.

From The Kansas City Journal.

"Speaking of mules," said the Kansas horseman, as he seated himself, together with a strong barnyard smell, in the midst of the crowd, "do you know that it was on account of a fool mule that Kansas was beat out of the biggest cornstalk

record in history? Well, it's a fact. When the Kansas Commissioners to the Centennial Exposition of 1896 were looking for specimen products to take to Philadelphia an old farmer down in Miami County, who had a bottom farm and could raise corn to beat the world, rolled into Paola with some specimens to turn over to the commissioners, and among the lot was a cornstalk nineteen and a half feet long. It was a bigger cornstalk by nearly two feet than had ever been put on exhibition. It stuck out of his wagon like a flagpole with streamers on it, and would have been the wonder of the Centennial; but while the farmer was in the nearest saloon taking a friendly libation and inviting the crowd out to see the corn a pesky mule that was loose in the street strolled over to the wagon and bit two feet off the end of that stalk and ruined it for exhibition. I have read somewhere about a flock of geese saving Rome with their infernal clatter, but this was left for a long-eared and bob-tailed mule to mighty near ruin the Kansas corn exhibit at the Centennial Exposition. We had to worry along at the Centennial with an eighteen-foot stalk of corn as the best



DANGEROUS ADVICE.

THE VICAR'S WIFE—DON'T YOU THINK, MY DEAR, YOU MIGHT CULTIVATE A LITTLE MORE VENERENCE IN YOUR SERMONS?
THE VICAR—NO, I SHOULD BE VERY UNPOPULAR IF I WOK UP THE CONGREGATION.—Sketch.

we could show, when, if it hadn't been for that Miami County mule, we would have had a stalk nineteen and a half feet high, and could have made the average visitor at the exhibition believe it was twenty-five feet high easy enough. Drat a mule, anyhow."

LEEDY RETURNS THE COMPLIMENT

HIS DECORATION OF THE KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT.

From The Kansas City Journal.

Some of the enemies of "Ed" Little tried recently to sow the seeds of jealousy by intimating to Governor Leedy that it was inappropriate that his private secretary should receive patents of nobility from the Egyptian Government, while he himself received nothing. The Governor responded with dignity that it was not within the province of the Chief Executive of a great State like Kansas to receive honors of this sort, but rather to bestow them, and he forthwith ordered that letters testamentary be forwarded to the Khedive through the Egyptian Minister at Washington, informing him that he had been admitted to the Royal Order of P. H. H. and L. P. of Kansas.

The letters testamentary were made out on parchment and written in purple ink. On one corner was the picture of a farmer throttling a dragon, and on the other the representation of a mob throwing a court into the street, while around the border were scenes such as Republicans burning at the stake, and bands of Socialistic tramps dividing up the property of the rich. All of the Statehouse people were convinced that the Khedive would be immensely pleased with this fine return of courtesy, and their surprise and consternation may perhaps be imagined when upon opening his mail yesterday morning Governor Leedy found the following letter from the Egyptian Minister at Washington:

"Egyptian Legation,

"Washington, Sept. 1, 1897.

"To His Excellency Governor Leedy,

"His Most Wondrous Majesty, the Light of the World and the Loved One of Egypt, cannot from his Exalted Station descend in order to accept your kindly intended token. It is the rule of His Majesty to give, but never to receive. I will say to Your Excellency, however, that if ever he felt tempted to break this rule it was when he learned he had been chosen to honorable membership in the Kansas order of Populist Hell Raisers and Leg Pullers. Believe me, your obedient servant,

"OMAR BEY, Minister."

Populist Hell Raisers and Leg Pullers, indeed! No wonder Governor Leedy and the rest of the Populist State officers had his one after another so fast that the doctors thought they would never be able to pull them through. Who but a wall-eyed descendant of a chin-kneed Cheops could be so stupid as to interpret those initials in such a way, when everybody ought to know that they stand for "Pure, Honest Reformers and Loyal Patriots?"

POWERFUL ARGUMENTS.

THEY WON THE JOINT DEBATE FOR CAPTAIN JOHNSON.

From The Kansas City Journal.

One of the best of the early-day Missouri stories recently set afloat is that attributed to General Solicitor Parker, of the Frisco road—a rare artist as a raconteur, by the way—in which he relates how Captain Jefferson Johnson "run" for the Legislature "way back before the war. Captain Johnson was one of the representative citizens of Maries County, Mo., a man of wealth and influence, but little learning. He decided that he would like to go to the Legislature. There was no Republican party in Maries County then, and usually a number of Democrats ran against each other independently. In this canvass Captain Johnson was opposed by a man named Graham, who had recently come from Pennsylvania. Graham was a schoolmaster and a man of unusual learning for those times. He was also a ready and forcible talker, and entered the race against Captain Johnson, whose education did not extend much beyond ability to write his name, with confidence of an easy victory. The campaign was scarcely under way before Graham proposed a joint debate. When this proposition was carried to Captain Johnson he hesitated. Captain Johnson was not exactly certain in his own mind just what a debate was, but his friends assured him that he could not well decline his opponent's offer. "All right," said Johnson, in his easy, good-natured way, "I don't know much about debating, but if I other feller kin do it, I reckon I kin, too." So the debate was arranged. It was to open at a big barbecue and picnic at Lake Jonesta, on the edge of Lane's prairie. The day arrived and with it about half the population of the county. Graham went to Captain Johnson and intimated that he would like to open and close the debate. Johnson assented.

"You are welcome to take first whirl at me," he said. "I guess I can make out with what's left."

It was agreed that Graham was to have an hour to open and half an hour to rejoin, while Johnson was to speak for an hour and a half without interruption. The people assembled about the stand to hear the flow of oratory. Graham made a splendid speech, full of good arguments and humor. When his time was up he sat down feeling that he was already elected. Then Captain Johnson rose.

"I don't know 'actly what I'm expected to do," he said, "but as Mr. Graham has made you a speech—an' a mighty fine one—I guess I'll do somethin' else. So I've made up my mind to let him do the speakin' in this here debate an' I'll do the treatin'. If you fellers'll just go over thar behind that clump of bushes you'll find my wagon, and in it you'll find a keg of as fine apple brandy as you ever tasted. Take the tin cup off the hook an' help yourselves."

And Johnson sat down. The voters drank and ate at his expense for the hour and a half he was supposed to have spoken, and when his time came for Graham's rejoinder it was discovered that he had left the grounds. It is almost unnecessary to add that Captain Johnson was elected by an enormous majority.

KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Not long ago an enterprising showman ran a "cyclorama" in Fort Worth, Tex. This "cyclorama" showed with remarkable fidelity the battle of Chickamauga. A truly brave Federal veteran, with an empty sleeve pinned across his breast and a wound in his remaining hand, pointed out the noted generals and main incidents of the combat. "There was an ex-Confederate reunion at Dallas, thirty miles away, and one afternoon a former 'Johnny' went to Fort Worth and took in the show. He was loaded to the guards with corn whiskey and forced to go very slowly around the heads, but his heart was at peace with all the world. He listened to the talk for awhile and then approached the man with the wand. 'Podner,' he said, 'was you at the first Manassas?'" "Nope," said the Federal. "Was you at Chickamauga?" "Yep." "Podner, we won the first Manassas." "Yep." "An' we los' Chickamauga." "Yep." "An' you was not at th' first Manassas?" "Nope, I told you." "An' you was at Chickamauga?" "Yep, I told you." "Podner, I've seen 500,000 of you fellers. You was all at Chickamauga an' none of you was at th' first Manassas. At th' first Manassas, podner, I think we killed every— one of you."

NOT EVEN RECIPROCITY.

From Truth.

Mrs. Brown-Jones—I married my husband for protection.

Jones-Brown—Did you get it?

Mrs. Brown-Jones—No, I didn't even get reciprocity.

THE POPLIST MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

From The Kansas City Journal.

It is reported from Wichita that a Republican Probate Judge, in marrying a Populist office-holder, said: "Do you take this woman for better or for worse, to cheer, comfort and care for her, and to deputize her?"